That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinkes I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthles praiſe, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.
Marcu. Now is my turne to ſpeake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge,
Theſe wrongs, vnſpeakeable paſt pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amiſſe? ſhow vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it ſhall be ſo.
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-ſtaine face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſonne.
Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſſe and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in ſhowers, thy Grandſier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunſt thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleepe, his louing breaſt thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that reſpect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kinde nature doth require it ſo,
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. O Grandfier, Grandfire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead ſo you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You ſad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breaſt deepe in earth and famiſh him
There let him ſtand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pittries him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.